THE ONTARIO READERS

PRIMER

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Price 4 Cents

T. EATON Co.
TORONTO

~~Frank Hamilton~~

~~Henry R. Hamilton~~

Bellamy

Ruth Hamilton

~~Frank~~

Ruth Hamilton

One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

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PREFACE

THIS PRIMER is simply a reading book. Besides modern matter it contains lessons which have long been accepted as attractive to children.

Instruction in methodology is part of the professional training of every teacher in Ontario. Each teacher will, accordingly, adopt that method by which she feels she can do the most effective work.

Happy hearts
and happy faces,
Happy play
in grassy places—
That was how
in ancient ages,
Children grew
to kings and sages.

R. L. Stevenson

Run
Run, Sam.

hop
Sam, hop.
Run and hop, Sam.

Run, mama.
am

Phonics:—s, ă, m.

a map
The boy

I see a boy.
I see a map.
The boy has a map.

Run, boy!
Run and hop.

The girl
a mat

I see a girl.
I see a mat.
The girl has a mat.
I see a boy and a girl.

Phonics :— t, p, ee.

See my top.
See my cap.

my top my cap

I see Tom.
Tom has a top.
It is my top.

Tom

Do you see Sam?
Sam has a cap.
It is my cap.

Sam

I see a hat.
It is Tom's hat.

a hat

Do you see Sam and Tom?
Tom has my top.
Sam has my cap.
Run, Sam and Tom!

Phonics :— c, ŏ, h.

See my hen!
It is on the pen.

See Tom's hen!
It is on the nest.

Do you see the man?
The man is at the tree.
The man sees a nest.
Can you see the nest?
The man has a sheep.
The sheep can run.
Can you run?

Phonics :— n, ĕ, sh.

Ding dong bell!
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in?
Long Tom Thin.
Who took her out?
Short John Stout.

I see a little girl.
Who is this little girl?
This is Nell.
Nell has a little cat.
Nell's cat is in the well.
Who put her in the well?

Phonics :—l, ĭ, th.

This is my cat.
She has 4 feet.
I have 2 feet.
I have the cat's food.
Her food is in my hand.
Come to me, little cat!

Nell is at school.
She has the bell in her hand.
She sees Tom at the well.
Come, Tom! come to school.
Fan is at school, too.
She has a seed in her hand.
Nell sees Fan's seed.

Phonics :— oo (ŏ), f, d.

Sam cap sheep hop

Sam cap sheep hop

nest This Nell food

nest This Nell food

It is my cat.

It is my cat.

Who put her in?

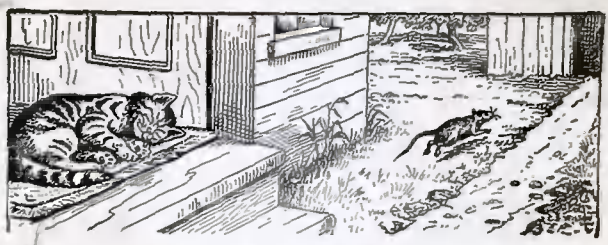
Who put her in?

Do you see this girl?

Do you see this girl?

I have the little bell.

I have the little bell.



See the rat!
How fast he runs!
He has a nest in the shed.
Where is your cat?
She is asleep on the mat.
Put her in the shed.
Run, cat! Run, rat! Run!

Who is this girl?
It is Fan.
Where is she?
She is at the top of the hill.
She has a red dress.
She can see the sun.
How red the sun is!

Phonics :—u, r.

Where do you live, little girl?

I live on a farm.

What have you in your arm?

It is a dish.

What have you in your dish?

I have eggs in it.

Are they goose eggs?

They are hen's eggs.

Where did you get them?

I got them in the nest.

Where is the nest?

It is in the grass.

(For directions see Manual.)

How do you do?

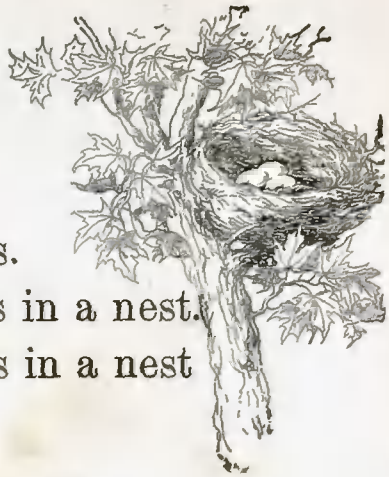
Who are you?

How are you?

What have you?

Phonics:—ar, g.

I see a tree.
I see a nest
in a tree.



I see three eggs.
I see three eggs in a nest.
I see three eggs in a nest
in a tree.

Fly, little bird.
Fly, little bird, to the nest.
Fly, little bird, to the tree.
Fly, little bird, to the nest
in the tree.

Is the nest for me?
O no, no, no.
Is the nest for a bird?
O yes, yes, yes.

Pat a cake,
Pat a cake,
Baker's man;
Make a cake,
Make a cake,
Fast as you can.

Take it and bake it
And mark it with B,
And put it in the oven
For mother and me.

Look at the clock!
It fell off the table.
It cannot tick.
The hands are off.
The bell is off, too.
Pick them up for me, Ben.
Look at the big crack in the case!

Phonics:—b, k, ck, ā.

Here is my home.
My little garden is at the back.
I hoe and rake in my garden.
One day I broke my hoe.
I had to get the spade.

These are my dogs, Dane and Rover.
Here, Dane! Here, Rover!
Rover stole a bone off the table.
He ran to the garden with it.
He dug a hole at the root
of the rose bush.
He put the bone in the hole.
Dane came and dug it up.

Phonics:—o, ō.

This is our flag.
It is the Union Jack.
There are three crosses on it.
Can you see them?
The flag is red, white, and blue.
The red says: "Be brave!"
The white says: "Be pure!"
The blue says: "Be true!"
Do you like our flag?
I like it best of all the flags.
Can you find another one in this book?

Phonics:—ī, ū.

(For directions, see Manual.)

Put the slate in the bag.
Put five books under the table.
Put your hand on the paper.

Did you ever see a stove?
Did you ever get a letter?
Did you ever find a knife?

Name nine trees.
Make a line with a ruler.
Find a copper on my desk.

Have you ever made a fire?
Have you ever seen a silver cup?
Have you ever made paste?

Who can make seven dots?
Who can see something white?
Who has on something blue?
Who has a sister or a brother?

Phonics :—v, er.

This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef.
This little pig had none.
This little pig said:
"Wee, wee,"
All the way home.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Tommy wants to play
In the meadow on the hay.
It is too wet to play in the
meadow to-day.
Ray will play train with him in
the barn.

Phonics:—w, wa, ay, ai.

Look at the bird
by the bench.
Baby wants it.
He has a pinch
of salt to put
on its tail.

Can he catch it that way?

Have you a ball, Fred?
Yes, but it is a small one.
Where is it?
It is on the chair in the hall.
Get it and let us have a game.
Pitch it against the wall.
Here, Watch! Catch it as it falls.

Phonics :—ch, tch, a before l.

Good-day, Mrs. Cow!
Old Jack and I have come down
to the meadow for you.
He will not growl nor jump at you.
What have you in your mouth?
You seem to chew all day.

I see a big black cloud.
There will soon be a shower.
Now, old cow, just get up and
come with us.
We want a big jug of milk
for our supper.

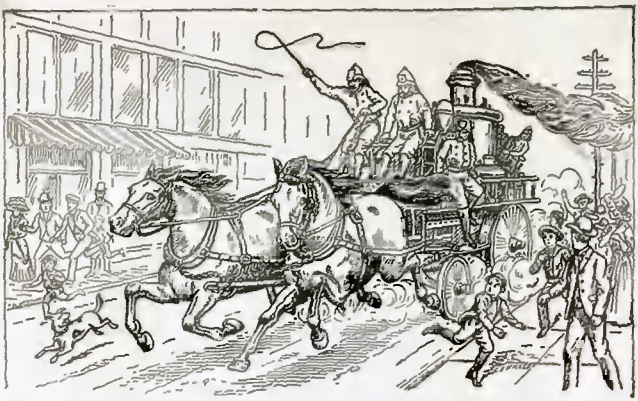
Phonics:—j, ow, ou.

I must feed my hens.
Toby, you may come with me.
Chick! Chick! Chick!
See them run!
Biddy, here is corn for you.
Toby, don't run at the hens.
Stop that! Do you hear?
They are afraid of you.
Stop it, you silly dog!
Now my dish is empty.
Do you want some more?
Norman will get it for you.

Phonics:—or, y.

Hello, old doggie! I have crept out
to talk to you.
Let me hold your paw.
Now say: "How do you do."
You look so wise, you should talk.
When I tell you to whisper,
you just bark.
You never whine nor howl.
You are a good dog.
Where did you get your white nose?
My kitty has a white nose, too.
What makes your nose so cold?
Why can't you talk to me?

Phonics:—wh, ō (without final e).



Bang, bang! Clang, clang!
Hear the gong!
Here come the fire reels.
The bells are ringing.
See the people running!
They are shouting, too.
What is the matter?
Don't you know? It is a fire.

Hurry, hurry! Noise and flurry!
Hear the fire bells ring!
To some a sport, to most a fear,
A fire is a terrible thing.

Phonics:—ng.

Good-morning,
Mr. Toad!
What are you doing
on the road?
Are you catching
flies?
Show me how you do it.
Do you throw out your tongue
and lick them up?
If I stoop down low, can I see
into your throat?
I like you in my garden.
You eat up so many grubs.
Is that your hole over there
by the old willow tree?
What do you do when the
snow comes?

Phonics:—oa, ow.

WHAT IS MY NAME

I live in the woods. I eat nuts.
I am not a bird.
I am not a tree. I run up trees.
I have a bushy tail.

I am yellow,
but I am not a bird.
I am round,
but I am not a ball.
I taste sweet,
but I am not sugar.
I grew on a tree far away,
but I am not a nut.

I have a strong beak.
Sheep fear me. I steal the lambs.
It is not easy to reach my nest.
I scream but I cannot speak.

Phonics :—ea.

How well these boys march!
Do you see Roy's flag?
Jim has a drum and a toy gun.
Roy will hoist his flag,
and Jim will beat the drum.
They enjoy making a noise.

My kitty's fur is soft.
Hear her purr.
I never stroke her the wrong way,
for that hurts her.
I had to teach her to leave the
little birds alone.
At first, she chased them when
she heard them chirp.

Phonics:—oy, oi, ir, ur.

One, two, three, four little ducks,
and two little chickens.

One little chicken peeps:
"How do you do?"

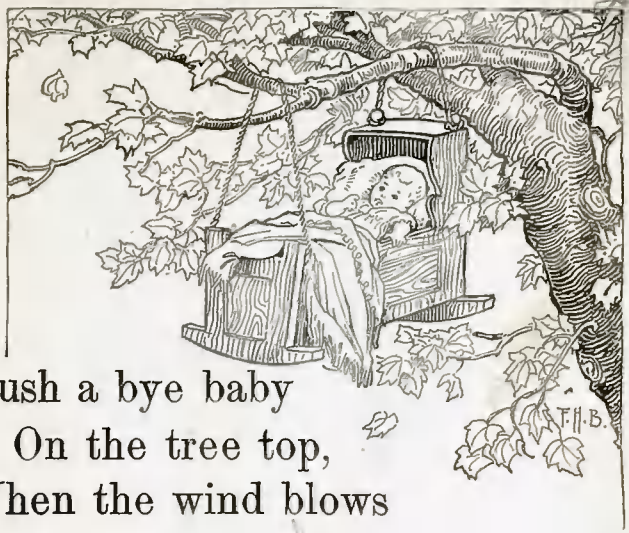
And one little duck quacks:
"I'll chase you!"

Another little duck quacks:
"Hear me talk!"

Another little duck quacks:
"See me walk!"

Another little duck quacks:
"Watch me swim!"

And one little chicken peeps:
"Don't go in!"



Hush a bye baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

The cradle is on the tree top.
The wind will rock the cradle.
The wind will break the bough.
Down tumbles baby and cradle.
Down tumbles bough and all.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen found a grain of wheat.

"Who will plant this grain?" said the hen.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then, I will," said the little hen, and she planted the grain.

"Who will water the grain?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she watered it.

When the wheat was ripe, the little hen said: "Who will grind this wheat?"

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Then, I will grind the wheat," said the hen, and she did it.

"Who will make this flour into cakes?" said the little red hen.
"Not I," said the goose.
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Then, I will," said the hen, and she baked the cakes.

"Now, who will eat these cakes?" said the hen.
"I will," said the goose.
"I will," said the cat.
"I will," said the dog.

"No, I will," said the little hen, and she ate all the cakes.

A QUEER CENT

This old man sells candy.
One day Frank took baby to him.
She gave him two cents.
He gave her some pink candy.
She said: "Thank you!"
Next day we missed baby.
We looked every place for her.
We found her on the street.
She had her wax doll with her.
"Baby! where are you going?" said I.

Phonics:—nk, c (soft), x.

"To get candy," said the baby.
"Why do you take your doll?"
"Dolly wants candy, too."
"But you have no money."
"Yes! yes! see my big cent."
What do you think she had?
Why, a big button!
Wasn't she a funny baby?

THE SUN

High up in the sky
Shines the great sun,
Shines for the children,
Sees every one.

Shine, sun; kind sun,
Give us light to-day.
Shine on the children,
Smile on the children,
While they work and play.

"This stocking is full," said
Santa Claus—
"As full as it can be."
A mouse sat licking his little paws,
Not far from the Christmas tree.

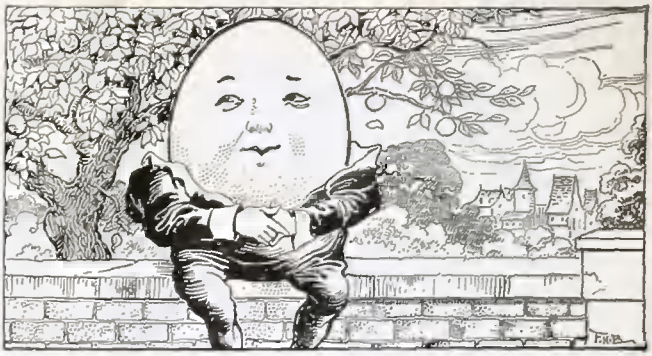
He saw and heard old
Santa Claus,
Then he ran across the floor

Phonics:—au, aw.

And said: "Just let me try,
because
I'm sure I can put in more."

Old Santa Claus laughed and
shook his head,
"You cannot do it I know;"
But mousie gnawed and gnawed
and gnawed
And put a hole in the toe.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said:
"What a good boy am I."



HUMPTY DUMPTY

Mother, see that funny picture.
Please tell me the story.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't pick Humpty Dumpty
up again."

Please tell me the story again. Now I can say it. Yes, I can say it all.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall—"

Mother, who was Humpty Dumpty?
Bob says he was an egg.
Was he, Mother?

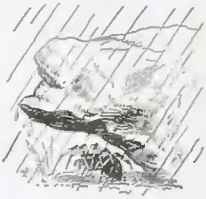
THE UMBRELLA

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

It is raining all around,
Who has an umbrella?

"I have," said the lark;
And he flew under a leaf.

"I have," said the spider;
And he crept under a stone.



"I have," said the bee;
And he went into a flower bell.

"I don't want one," said the goose;
And she ran out into the rain.

THE CAT AND THE BIRD

"Good-morning, little Bird," said Pussy.

"Good-morning, Pussy," said the little Bird.

"Will you fly down to me, little Bird?" said Pussy.

"Why should I fly down to you?" said the little Bird.

"I like a little Bird for my breakfast," said Pussy.

"A little Bird does not like to be a breakfast for a Pussy," said the Bird, and away he flew.

THE DUCKS AND THE FROGS

The ducks were out on the river diving for food. Some frogs saw them.

"What funny things ducks are!" said one frog. "Yes, they have only two legs," said another frog.

"Good-day, Mrs. Duck," said another. "Is your home in the water?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Duck. "Our home is at the farm. We have a house there. Our Mistress made it for us."

"Why did she make you a house?" said the frog. "She never made one for us."

"Why, we lay eggs for her," said Mrs. Duck.

"Well, we lay eggs, too," said the frog.

"You lay your eggs in the water," said Mrs. Duck, "but we lay ours in our house. Men like to eat our eggs, but they do not care for yours."

"What funny things men are!" said the frog, as the duck swam away.

"How lucky for us that they are!" said another frog, as he dived from the bank.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

One hot day in summer a big dog went into a stable.

He saw a manger full of soft hay. He crept into it and fell asleep.

An ox who had been working hard came into the stable. He was tired and hungry. He went to the manger to eat, but the dog growled at him.

"Do you want to eat the hay?" asked the ox.

"No," growled the dog, "I can't eat hay."

"Then let me eat it," said the ox.

"I will not," said the dog.

"What a mean dog you are!" said the ox. "You can't eat it, and yet you will let no one else have it."

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And
Jill
came
tumbling
after.

THE REINDEER

Bob and Bess were at the Zoo.

"Look at the horns of that animal," said Bess.

"I never saw that animal before," said Bob.

"I wonder what it is," said Bess.

"Let us ask her," said Bob; and they did.

"I am a Reindeer," she said.

"Where did you come from?" asked Bess.

"I was born in a cold country where there is much snow. You may have heard of Lapland."

"What use are you?" asked Bob.

"In my land I draw my master's sled."

"She is a kind of horse," whispered Bess.

"I give rich milk for the children."

"She is a kind of cow," whispered Bob.

"It is from me that my master gets his clothing."

"Why, she must be a kind of sheep," whispered Bess.

"I must go now into the shade of the trees. Your land is too warm for me!" said the Reindeer.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

Once a crow was very thirsty. He found a pitcher with some water in it.

The water was so low he could not reach it with his bill. Then at last he thought of a way.

He dropped a small stone into the pitcher. Then he dropped in another stone. He saw the water rising.

He went on dropping stones into the pitcher for some time.

At last the water rose near to the top. Then the crow drank all he wanted. He was a wise old crow.

THE HOUSE

There once was a mouse
Who lived in a shoe,
And a snug little house
He made of it, too ;
He had a front door
To take in the cheese,
And a hole in the toe
To slip out, if you please.

There are roses
that grow on a vine,
There are roses
that grow on a tree,
But my little Rose
grows on ten little toes,
And she is the rose for me.

THE STORY OF HENNY PENNY

Henny Penny was walking in a garden. A cherry fell on her head, with a thud.

"The sky is falling," said Henny Penny, "I must run and tell the King."

As she ran, she met a Rooster, who said: "Where are you going, Henny Penny?"

And she cried: "Oh, Rooster Pooster! the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the King."

"I will go, too," said Rooster Pooster.

So they ran and ran till they met a Turkey. "Oh, Turkey Lurkey!"

said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran and ran till they met a Fox.

"Oh, Fox Lox!" said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

And the Fox said: "Come with me Henny Penny, Rooster Pooster, and Turkey Lurkey. I will show you the way to the King's house."

But they said: "Oh, no; Fox Lox, we know you. We will not go with you."

So they ran and ran, but they never found the King's house.

And the King never knew the sky was falling.

A LITTLE ELF

A little elf
Sat on a tree;
He painted leaves
To throw at me.

Leaves of yellow
And leaves of red,
Came falling down upon my head.

Now Bunny White
And Bunny Brown
Walked out to see
The leaves fall down.

But Mr. Red Fox, keen and sly,
Saw these two Bunnies
passing by;
He chased them home.

How they did run!
The little elf laughed
To see the fun.

This is the house,
That Jack built.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.

This is the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.

WISHES

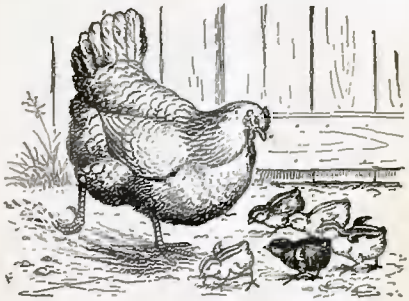
Said the first little chicken,
With a sad little sigh,
"I wish I could find
A little fat fly."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeak,
"I wish I could feel
Some corn in my beak."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A fat worm on a leaf."

"See here," said the mother,
From the green garden-patch,
"If you want things to eat,
Just come here and scratch."



GUESS

I have a little sister,
They call her Peep-Peep.
She wades in the water,
Deep, deep, deep.
She climbs up the mountain,
High, high, high.
My poor little sister
Has but one eye.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Bo-Peep was sent to mind the sheep.

It was hot out there in the sun.

She sat down under a tree. Her head began to nod, and nod, and nod. She fell asleep.

The sheep fled up the field, over the hill, and out of sight.

When Bo-Peep awoke she could not see the sheep. She could not hear them. She ran across the field, but could not find them.

Then some one began to sing:

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come
home,

And bring their tails behind them."

Bo-Peep was glad to hear this. She was so tired that she sat down to rest, and

"Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them
bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a
joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
And away she went to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it
made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind
them."

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
  To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
  And so the poor dog had none.

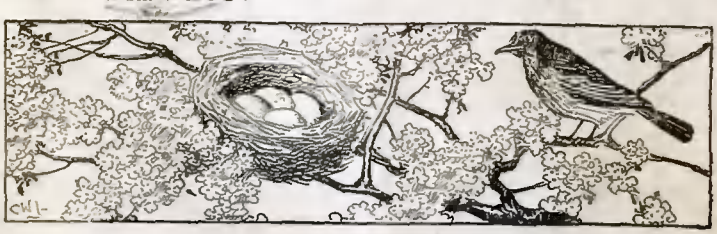
She went to the hatter's
  To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
  He was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said: "Your servant,"
The dog said: "Bow-wow."

A SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet
cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree
told me,
And nobody knows it but just we
three.
But, of course, the robin knows it
best,
Because she built the—I shan't tell
the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings
in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every
minute.



There was once a man who had a goose. She laid an egg every day. One day she laid a golden egg.

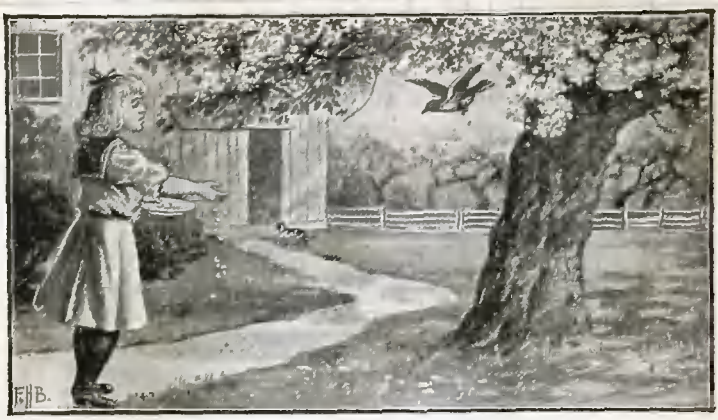
The man went to town and sold the egg. Next day the goose laid another golden egg.

"Wife," said the man, "we shall not be poor any more."

Every day he found a golden egg and sold it. Soon he was not content with this.

"Wife," said he, "I shall kill this goose and get all the eggs at once."

So he killed her, but he found no golden eggs. The greedy man would not let well enough alone.



ROBIN REDBREAST

It was early in the morning, and Robin sat on the tree top.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! cheer-up, cheer-up!" he sang.

The old cat heard him and crept under the tree. She called softly:

"Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now."

"Tut tut! Tut tut!" said Robin.

"No, no, Mrs. Puss. I saw you catch a mouse yesterday, but you shall not catch me."

Then the cat ran away to the barn to look for another breakfast.

Just then a little girl came out to hear Robin singing his song. She threw bread crumbs under the tree and said:

"Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now."

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! cheer-up, cheer-up!" sang Robin. This was his way of saying: "Thank you! Thank you!"

He flew down and had all the breakfast he could eat.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once there was a little old man, and a little old woman. They lived in a little old house.

The old woman made gingerbread cakes.

One day she made a cake in the shape of a boy. She put it into the oven to bake.

When she opened the oven door, out jumped the Gingerbread Boy and away he ran.

The little old man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a big man on the road. He said: "I

have run away from the little old woman. I can run away from you, too, so I can."

The big man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a cow. He said: "I have run away from a little old woman and a big man. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

The cow ran after him, but she could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy met a dog. He said: "I have run away from a little old woman, a big man, and a cow. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

Then the dog ran after him. The dog ran very fast and caught

the Gingerbread Boy. He began to eat him.

The Gingerbread Boy said:

"Oh, dear! my legs are gone!
Oh, dear! my arms are gone!
Oh, dear! my body is gone!
Oh, dear! I am all gone!"

And he never spoke again.

Forget and forgive.

East, west, home is best.

THE BEE

Buzz! Buzz! This is the song of
the bee,
His legs are of yellow, a jolly good
fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's making his honey,
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.

Bees don't care
about the snow;
I can tell you why
that's so;
Once I caught
a little bee
Who was much too warm
for me.

You may hear me call,
  but no one has ever seen me.
I fly kites for boys.
I play with the leaves.
I scatter the seeds of plants.
I rock the bird in her nest.
I move clouds across the sky.
I toss ships on the sea.
  Who am I?

Little wind blow on the hilltop;
  Little wind blow down the plain.
Little wind blow up the sunshine;
  Little wind blow off the rain.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!

He will sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do?
Poor thing!

In his hive he will stay,
Till the snow's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
Poor thing!

LITTLE BOY BLUE

"Good-morning, sir. Do you want a boy?"

"Indeed I do," said the farmer. "I want a boy to watch my cows and sheep."

"Oh, I can do that," said the boy.

"Are you sure you can?"

"Yes, sir, if you tell me just what I am to do."

"Do not let the sheep go into the meadow, and do not let the cows

go into the corn," said the farmer.

"I will watch them, sir."

"Now I have to go to town," said the farmer. "If any of them try to go away, just blow this horn, and they will come back."

"I will, sir," said the boy.

The farmer went to town, and the boy watched the cows and sheep. None tried to go away.

It was a warm day. The little boy sat down by a haystack. His eyes would not stay open, and he soon fell asleep.

The farmer came back at noon. The cows were in the corn, and the sheep in the meadow. But where was the boy?

Then the farmer called:

"Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn."

But the boy slept on.

"Wife!" called the farmer, "where is Little Boy Blue?"

She said: "He is under the haystack, fast asleep."

Then the farmer went to the haystack and called:

"Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn."

The boy leaped up. He blew a blast on his horn and the sheep and cows all ran back to him.

He was very sorry for his fault.

TEASING

(A Dialogue)

Give me my apple.
  Say "Please."
I won't say "Please."
  Say "Please."
It is my apple. I want it.
  Say "Please."
Don't tease. Give me my apple.
  Say "Please," and be polite.
I don't want to be polite.
  Say "Please" to please me.
But you are not pleasing me.
  Then say "Please" because
    it's right to say "Please."
Please give me my apple.
  Right! Here it is.

Better live well than long.

THE RATS AND THE EGG

One day two rats were eating an egg in a field. They saw a fox coming towards them.

"The fox will eat our egg," said one rat.

"The fox will eat us, too, if we stay here," said the other rat.

"Now, what shall we do?" said both rats.

One rat lay down on his back, and the other rat placed the egg

between his feet. Then he took hold of his friend's tail and drew him to the barn as fast as he could.

The fox was afraid to come to the barn, and the rats had a good story to tell to their friends.

NONSENSE VERSES

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

THE COW

Mistress Cow stands at the gate—
Every evening she will wait—
Calling slow, calling low:
"M - m - m."

Now the boy calls: "So, boss! so!
Did you think I would not come?"
And she answers: "M - m - m."
As he leads her off toward home.

There he milks the good old cow,
And she fills the foaming pail—
Milk for butter, cheese, and cream,
She will give and never fail.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out
of all the stars,
And the stars fell
into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a lion lay asleep in the woods. A mouse, by chance, ran over his nose.

The lion was about to eat him, but the mouse begged hard for his life.

"If you will let me go," he said, "I shall never forget you. Some day I may be able to help you."

The lion smiled. "Run away, little mouse," said he, "I shall not hurt you."

Some days later hunters put a net in the lion's path. He fell into the net and could not free himself.

The mouse heard him roar, and ran to him. "I will help you," said the mouse, and he began to gnaw the ropes.

It was hard work and slow, but at last the ropes fell apart and the lion was free.

"How can I repay you for what you have done?" said the lion.

"You spared my life one day," said the mouse. "I am glad that I have been able to save yours."

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night;
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

The donkey was old, and his master was about to sell him.

"I shall not be sold," said the donkey. "I will run away to town, and join the band."

He met a dog upon the road. "Come with me to town and join the band," said he. "You can beat the drum."

"All right," said the dog.

They met an old cat by the way. "Come with us and help to make music," said they. "We have heard you sing."

"All right," said the cat.

Farther on, they met a rooster. "Come along and join our band," said they.

"All right," said the rooster.

At night they came to a large house in the woods. The donkey looked in through the high window. He saw robbers eating supper.

"I am so hungry," said the cat.

"Let us drive the robbers away," said the rooster.

"How shall we do it?" said the donkey.

"Let us frighten them," said the dog.

The donkey put his feet upon the sill of the window. The dog climbed upon his back. The cat climbed upon the dog's back. The rooster flew up and stood upon the cat's head. All looked in through the window.

Then they sang together with all their might. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. It was a dreadful noise.

It scared the robbers, who ran away as fast as they could.

The four friends sat down to supper and eat what the robbers had left. Then they put out the lights and waited.

An hour later one robber came back. He tried to light a candle at the coals in the fireplace. The coals were the cat's eyes. She

scratched him, the dog bit him, the donkey kicked him, and the rooster crowed at him.

He ran away at the top of his speed. He told the robbers that he was never so scared in his life. This made them all afraid, and they never came back.

So the four friends made a home for themselves in that house, and never went to town.

THE DANDELION

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"

"I just wait here in the long green grass
Till the children come to play."

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"

"I wait and wait till the cool dew falls
And my hair is long and white."

"What do you do when your hair grows white
And the children come to play?"

"They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away."

A DIALOGUE

Guess what is in my pocket.
Tell me, won't you?
No, you must guess.
Who gave it to you?
No one gave it to me.
Where did you buy it?
I didn't buy it.
What colour is it?
It has no colour.
Is it hard or soft?
It is neither hard nor soft.
Is it light or heavy?
It is neither light nor heavy.
Well, what is it good for?
It is good for nothing.
I can't guess it.
Do you give it up?
Yes, what is it?
It's a hole.

MOSAM, THE AFRICAN BABY

Here is a little black baby. His home is in a hot land called Africa.

He has bright black eyes and woolly hair. His mother cuts off most of his hair, but some is left on the top of his head.

His cradle is a strange one.

It is a strip of cloth over his mother's shoulder and under her arm. He sits in this strip while she is at work.

Sometimes she puts him in the basket on her back. Then you can just see the top of his woolly head above the basket.

He does not wear such clothes as you do. He wears only a band of cloth about his waist.

His home is a hut made of bark and grass. It has no windows. There are two doors—one at the front, the other at the back of the hut.

He has no books, and will not go to school when he is as old as you. He will learn to hunt and fish with his father.

HANS

Have you ever seen a bird like this? It is a stork. There are many of them in Holland where little Hans lives.

One built its nest on the roof of Hans' home. It was a great pet, and he fed it every day.

When cold weather comes, birds fly away to where it is warm in winter. Hans knew his pet would make its winter home in the warm south. He hoped some boy there would be kind to it.

So he wrote a note and tied it to the bird's neck. The note said: "Please take care of my stork. Send it back to me next spring."

Winter came, and the stork flew south. When the warm days came again, Hans watched for his bird friend. At last he saw it coming, and it had a letter on its neck.

Hans fed his pet, and then read the letter. It said: "We cared for your stork, and now we send it back. The little children in our school want books. Can you help them?"

Hans and his father made up a box of books and sent them to the little people in the winter home of the stork.

A GIANT

Tom sat before the grate, reading. "I wish I could see a giant like those in this book," said he.

"I am one," said a voice in the grate. "Sometimes I am no bigger than the head of a match. Sometimes I am so big that it takes many men to fight me.

When men control me, I help them. I can roast beef, boil eggs, and bake bread. With my help, men can make bricks and glass and knives.

When men let me go free, I often destroy houses and barns and crops, and even big forests.

Water is the only thing I am afraid of. Now, who am I?"

THE LARK'S YOUNG ONES

A lark made her nest in a wheat field. Before the young ones were able to fly they heard the farmer say: "This wheat is ripe, I will get my friends to help me cut it."

The little birds told their mother all they had heard. "Do not worry," said she, "we need not move yet."

Some days after, the farmer came again. He said: "I will not wait longer for my friends. I will cut this wheat to-morrow."

Then the lark said: "My dears, we must move now. This man is going to depend upon himself."

LOVE-APPLES

"Have a tomato, Mary?" asked Grandma. "I think you like them."

"I do," said Mary. "I like them raw. I like them baked. I like them stewed. I like them every way. Did you like them, Grandma, when you were little?" asked Mary.

"No, I was ten years old before I ever saw a tomato," said Grandma. "My aunt sent mother some love-apple seeds from the south. Mother planted them in a sunny spot. In the fall the little apples had turned from green to red.

I wanted to taste the apples, but mother would not let me. She said they might make me ill. I said the

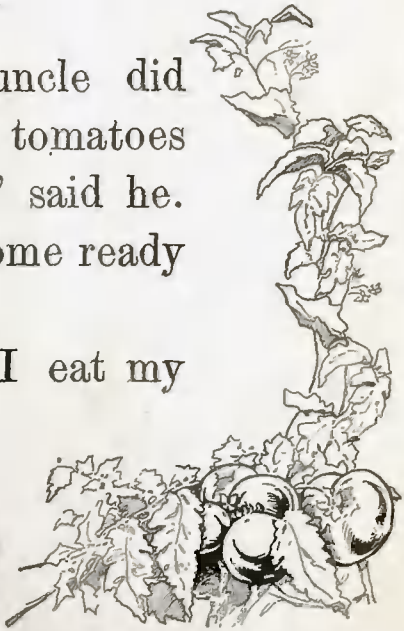
birds eat them and were not ill.

Just then my uncle came to visit us. When he saw these apples he said: 'Why, sister, what fine tomato vines you have! Where did you get them?'

'Sister Nora sent me the seed,' said mother. 'We are afraid to eat the apples.'

Then my uncle did laugh. 'Why, tomatoes are very good,' said he. 'Let me get some ready for supper.'

That night I eat my first tomato."



This little Indian boy lived in a wigwam with his grandmother, Nokomis. Have you ever seen a wigwam? Let me tell you where this wigwam was.

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Old Nokomis made him a little cradle. In it she put a bed of moss and rushes. When he cried, she used to say: "Hush! the bear will get thee!"

The boy learned the names of the birds. He learned how they built their nests in summer. He found where they hid themselves in winter. He learned how to talk with them. He called them his chickens.

He learned—

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid.

He talked with them and called them his brothers. He learned their names and all their secrets.

When he grew older, he was given a bow and arrows. He went into the woods, but he did not shoot the birds, his chickens. He did not shoot the squirrels or the rabbits, his brothers.

He hid in the bushes till the red deer came. Then he shot an arrow and the deer fell dead. He carried it home to his grandmother. She made a feast, and everybody came and praised the boy.

Humpty, Dumpty, dickery dan,
Sing hey, sing ho!
for the gingerbread man!
With his smile so sweet,
and his form so neat,
And his gingerbread shoes
on his gingerbread feet.

EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
  Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
  Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
  Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
  Soon will be asleep.

Through the lonely darkness,
  May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my head.

When the morn awakens,
  Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
  In God's holy eyes.

A	a	N	n	*A a*	*N n*
B	b	O	o	*B b*	*O o*
C	c	P	p	*C c*	*P p*
D	d	Q	q	*D d*	*Q q*
E	e	R	r	*E e*	*R r*
F	f	S	s	*F f*	*S s*
G	g	T	t	*G g*	*T t*
H	h	U	u	*H h*	*U u*
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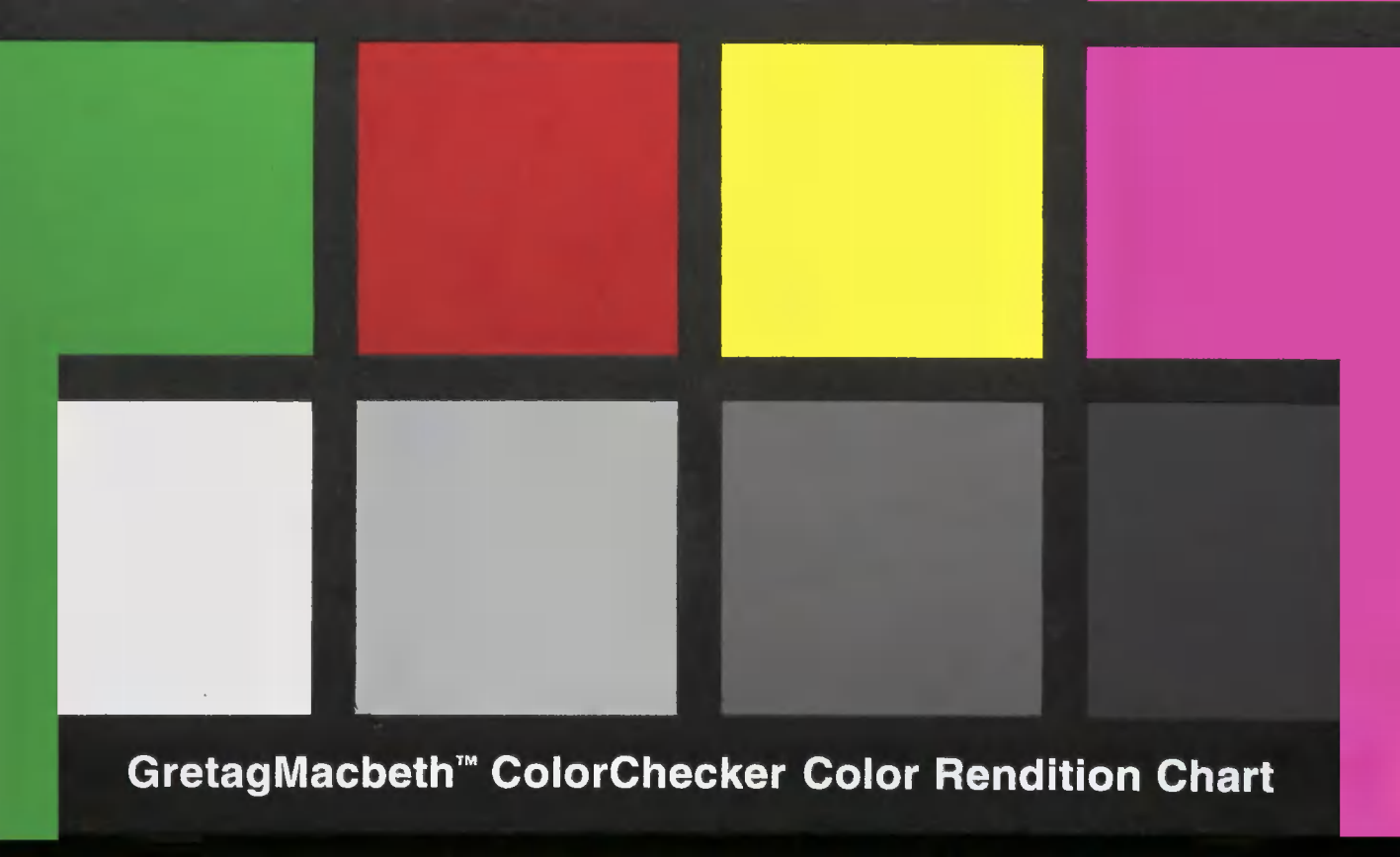
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